

# THE CARMELITE

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DECEMBER 4, 1930

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE CITY OF CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA

FIVE CENTS

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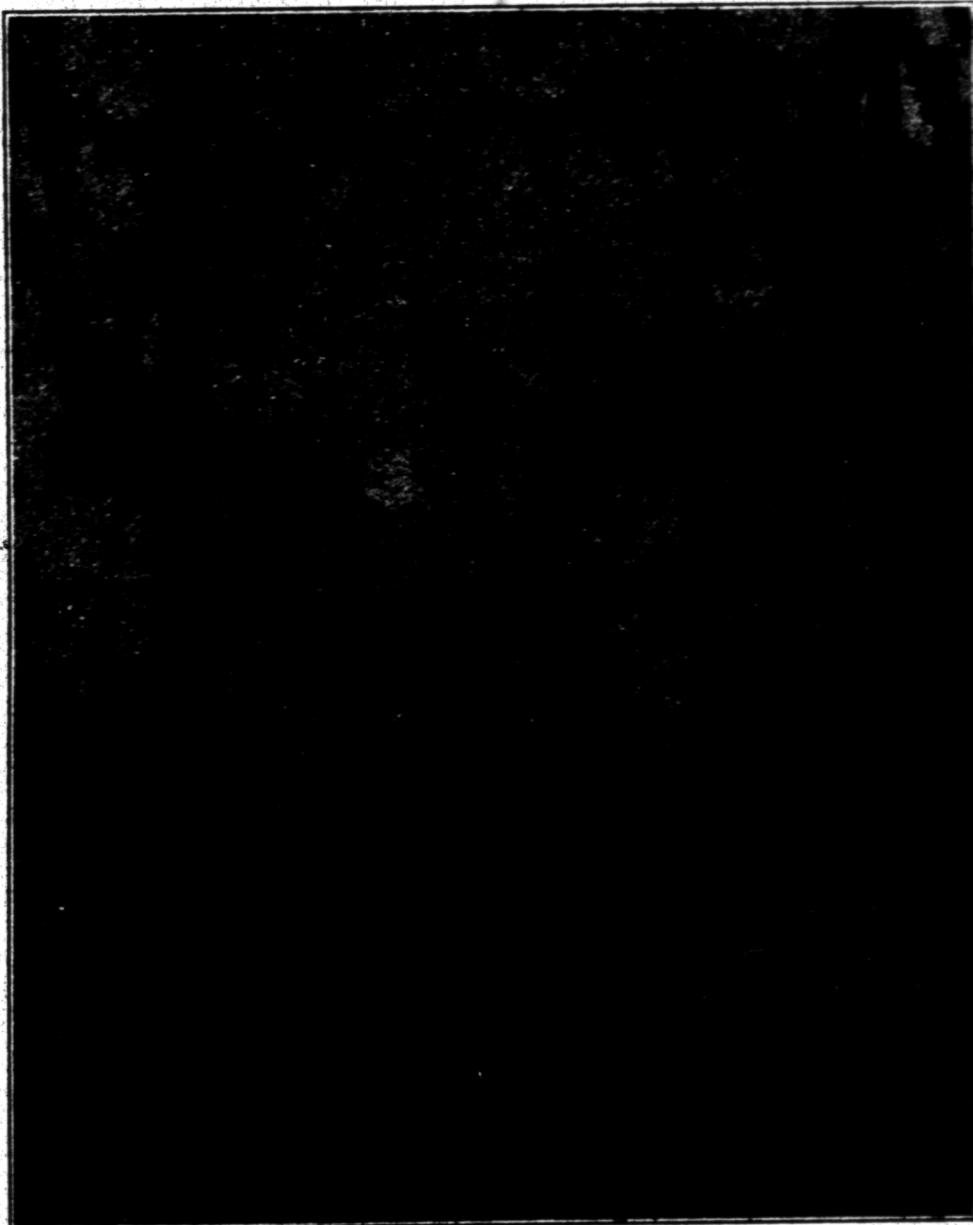
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MOONRISE  
BEFORE  
SUNSET

from  
the painting by  
WILLIAM  
P. SILVA



Mr. WILLIAM P. SILVA'S BENEFACtIONS TO PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS OF CENTRAL CALIFORNIA WERE RECENTLY INCREASED THROUGH THE GIFT OF ONE OF HIS PAINTINGS TO THE BELLE MARCH KLUEGEL CHILDREN'S ROOM IN THE HARRISON MEMORIAL LIBRARY, CARMEL

## Carmel News

### COUNCIL MEETING

Paving projects were again under consideration by the City Council at its regular monthly meeting held last night. Improvement of Lincoln between Ocean and Seventh, and Seventh between Dolores and Lincoln was requested in a petition bearing seven signatures, representing a majority of the property owners concerned. A second petition requested the inclusion of Sixth between Mission and Junipero in the proposed improvement district.

Inadequate drainage on Mission street between Ocean and Tenth was brought to the attention of the Council. Employment of an engineer to make necessary surveys for immediate improvement was authorized.

An appropriation of fifty dollars was made toward defraying the cost of the Community Christmas Tree. There was some discussion as to when the tree should be lighted, the Council finally favoring the suggestion that the tree be kept dark until Christmas eve. Mr. H. F. Dickinson was appointed to head a committee to be selected by himself.

Reports were received from the Waterworks relative to recent tests of the Carmel supply, which were stated to have been favorable.

Representatives of various supply houses addressed the Council relative to types of pavement available, but as the whole project is still in a tentative state no commitments were made.

Block sixty-nine, the "city park," was brought into the evening's discussion through a suggestion that if no other use is to be made of the site, a hedge should

be planted and the plot made presentable.

A complaint was made that the recently enacted ordinance restricting horses to the northern section of the beach, is not being enforced. Signs were ordered to be placed, informing riders of the new regulations.

Bills totalling \$10,050.91 were passed for payment, leaving a balance of \$6,572.32 in the general fund.

### P.-T. A. DANCE

A correspondent writes:

Not since the competitive dinner cooked and served by the men of the P.-T. A. has there been the interest displayed that the prize dance at Sunset School this Friday evening has brought forth. Boys—old and young—are scouring Carmel and its suburbs including Monterey, for partners. Girls from sixteen to sixty are sizing up applicants with a critical eye, so if you see a lady looking at a man's legs as he walks down Ocean Avenue, don't think it is admiration of the contour of the legs: it is only to see if they look like possibilities for gliding into a prize Friday evening.

There will be three prizes, contributed Frank Sheridan.

The contestants will be judged by their grace, rhythm and diversity of steps in both fox trot and waltz.

The festivities commence at eight tomorrow evening.

### MASONIC CLUB

Mr. George L. Wood was elected president of the Carmel Masonic Club at annual general meeting held Tuesday evening. Others officers elected were:—Grant Wills, vice-president; F. O. Robbins, secretary; Barnet Segal, treasurer; and Messrs. Charles A. Watson, Morris McK. Wild and Arthur E. Webb, directors.

THE CARMELITE, DECEMBER 4, 1930

FAMOUS CARMELITES



### MISCAN—

commonly known as Petunia, is often seen in the vicinity of Fraser Looms. Petunia is a native of Yorkshire, England, but has been living in Carmel for a number of seasons. She wears a ribbon to keep the hair out of her eyes—and frequently indulges in chocolate creams.

### NEWS IN BRIEF

The regular study meeting of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom will be held at the home of the Misses Kellogg, Casanova street, near Ninth, on Sunday evening, December seventh, at eight o'clock. Miss Bulkley will lead a discussion on "The Achievements and Failures of the League of Nations." The meeting is open to everyone interested.

\* \* \*

Major W. J. Hares, of Merle's Treasure Chest, has gone to Australia to supervise the opening of his second shop in the Commonwealth.

\* \* \*

Retail trade in this ergion was stimulated to an amount of approximately fifteen thousand dollars though distribution of funds accumulated in Christmas Club savings accounts in the Monterey County Trust & Savings Bank, checks for which were mailed on December first.

\* \* \*

The Mack fire truck acquired through the fifteen thousand dollar bond issue voted earlier this year has arrived and is now in service, the pride of the volunteer firemen.

\* \* \*

Preparations for the annual Community Christmas Tree festival are proceeding, in charge of a committee under the chairmanship of Mr. H. F. Dickinson.

\* \* \*

Pre-school children, two to four and one-half years of age, are meeting every Tuesday from three to five in the first grade room at Sunset School. The object of the group is to give the small children free play together under direction. Nine children came to the last meeting.

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## The League of Nations

(A paper by Miss MARY BULKLEY, read before the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom and the Current Events Section of the Carmel Woman's Club. Reproduced in part.)

It is well known that public morality lags behind that of private life. Many pirates and buccaneers have been good husbands, sons and fathers. Many looters of the public treasury have been of unimpeachable private lives. This fact being so well established, why should we expect that while a resort to arms for the settlement of private differences is outlawed by public opinion in all civilized countries, yet in international matters it is generally accepted as the only possible solution.

The sudden rise and outrageous performances of "racketeering" all over the country and especially the way in which it has developed in Chicago has given us all a great cause for thought and for self-examination. When a gang leader such as Capone can send messengers to the United States authorities offering to call off all his other illegal activities if the same authorities will agree not to disturb his traffic in beer, thus assuring him and his lieges of a modest livelihood without the cost of a regular army, there must be some weak spots in the body politic, needing immediate mending. And it is the doings of these "racketeers" which has given me a sudden conversion to the League of Nations, and, like all converts, I am filled with zeal to share my enlightenment.

Now is it not perfectly evident that the main reason why this private war continues between these different gangs of bandits is that because their traffic is illegal there can be no orderly recourse to litigation? If A. brings from Canada a load of Scotch and debarks it at Moss Landing, and between this point and Monterey a band of "high-jackers" makes off with the cargo, what else can they do but shoot each other up? The cargo is not 'property' in any legal sense. The men who overcome the importers and make off with it are not robbers, for the stuff they steal has no legal existence.

And in the next place, in other localities (of course this is not true in ours) the courts are so corrupted that everything that is possible is done to shield the men who are the sources of such enormous incomes to the conveniently blind and deaf. A corrupt court is a serious menace to civilization; but one thing we

may be sure of, that whatever a court is, or is not, it is always a reflection of the prevailing morality of the community in which it functions. If a court is rotten, it is because of weakness in two directions: First, many men in the community of large affairs and with great projects on hand, many of them greatly to public advantage, become impatient of stupid legal details which stand between them and their goal, and their lawyers are retained to show them how they can maintain the letter of the law and violate its spirit. Sometimes even to break the law itself. And at their bidding a judiciary sometimes becomes complaisant. At the other social end are the ward heelers and local politicians to whose ascendancy the strictness of an impartial court would be a hindrance. So our courts are often in disrepute and often inadequate for protection or prosecution. Blackmail and intimidation flourish in every American city and we are coming to believe that our crying need is for courts of strength, intelligence and probity.

Whatever our attitude to these weapons of international disputes, we are agreed that to carry on private differences in the Chicago style, with bombs, spies, and sawed-off machine guns is at least a reflection upon both our intelligence and our decency, for the only way by which these differences are determined is by murder and terror until one gang is either exterminated or else so intimidated that it dare not interfere with the schemes of the other.

Is it not therefore plain that private warfare did not nor can it pass until there has grown up a body of law faithfully administered by proper tribunals and their officers, just as it is plain that "racketeering" and blackmail are bound to thrive in any community where the system of justice fails to function. Would you sit in a witness chair and testify against four gangsters confronting you against whom you had at a preliminary inquiry given sworn testimony? Would you not do as an Italian witness lately did in St. Louis after seeing these

*Continued on page ten*

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### MUSICAL WINDFALL FOR CARMEL PLAYHOUSE

On Tuesday, December sixteenth, matinee and evening, Carmel Playhouse will present an exceptionally fine attraction in the oldest existing Russian chorus, comprising twenty splendid singers, with dancers and a balalaika orchestra. Olin Downes says of this organization, in the New York "Times": "They sang with a sincerity, naturalness and characteristic accent and color which has not been equalled by any choral body that has come out of Russia since the war. It stands unique in the experience of a New York audience." The chorus has been in continuous existence for more than seventy years.

It was only through a lucky accident that Edward Kuster, director of the Playhouse, was able to make this unusual booking of an organization which has had fifteen capacity concerts in Carnegie Hall and has since appeared only in the largest concert auditoriums in this country. For the "jump" from San Francisco to Los Angeles two extra days were allowed by the management of the chorus, which travels by its own motor-busses. Mr. Kuster, assisted by others, persuaded the Russians to turn one of these extra days into a stop-over at Carmel, allowing for an afternoon and evening concert.

Full particulars will be published next week. Meanwhile reservations are already coming into the Playhouse from every quarter, and it is expected that the capacity of the house will be taxed beyond any performance yet presented there.

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THE CARMELITE, DECEMBER 4, 1930

### NOEL SULLIVAN RECITAL FRIDAY EVENING

Not only music lovers but the friends of all the arts will be present Friday evening, December fifth, in the Denny-Watrous Gallery to hear Noel Sullivan sing. Such a recital as Mr. Sullivan is giving cannot fail to bring pleasure to an audience. Elizabeth Alexander at the piano contributes signally to the performance.

The program follows:

Diane Imptoyable	Gluck (1714-1787)
Come Raggio di Sol	Caldara (1671-1763)
Arm Arm Ye Brave	Handel (1685-1759)
Am Meer (Heine)	Schubert
Liebes Botschaft (Rellstab)	Schubert
Litanei (Jacobi)	Schubert
Musensohn (Goethe)	Schubert
La Vie Autierieure (Baudelaire)	Duparc
Beau Soir (Bourget)	Debussy
Complainte (Mauclair)	Bloch
Prayer to Our Lady (Gales)	Ford
The Heart's Country (Wilkinson)	Carpenter
The Crying of Waters (Symons)	Campbell-Tipton
Water Boy	Arranger by Robinson
Peter Go Ring Them Bells	Arranged by Burleigh
Si' Down	Arranged by Hayes

### CHRISTMAS PUPPET SHOW

Word is sent to all the children and to all who laugh with children's laughter that the Puppets are coming. On Saturday evening, December twentieth, and Sunday afternoon, the twenty-first, the Perry Dilley Puppets will play in the Denny-Watrous Gallery. For the children's matinee the Puppets are playing "Snow-White," and at the end a Puppet himself will give a "Puppet Package" to each child who will take it from his hand.

For adults who love to enter the land of make-believe and for whom enchantment never ends, the Puppets will play "Pierrot's Wedding," a play of simple loves and woes that, told with doll figures, finds an answering understanding in every human experience.

### "THE QUEEN'S HUSBAND"

Edward Kuster, director of the Playhouse, reports more than the usual difficulties in the casting of Robert Sherwood's brilliant comedy, "The Queen's Husband." The production may have to be postponed until next summer and another play substituted for the forthcoming production, which will be the seventh and last of the current series. It is scheduled for the three nights immediately following Christmas Day.

**"THE SHIP"**

Reviewed by ANNA MARIE BAER

In their interpretation of St. John Ervine's play, "The Ship," presented on Friday and Saturday nights in Carmel Playhouse, the Moroni Olsen Players did a praiseworthy piece of work, well in keeping with the numerous favorable press comments which preceded the performance.

Moroni Olsen groupssc all t thdrinn Amazing restraint characterized the performance. Here was a drama of life with a representative collection of people involved in the intricacies of conflicting emotions common to universal and ordinary existence, obviously warranting simplicity in presentation. Players of lesser artistry might easily have been consumed with emotions which, though intensely dramatic, were utterly natural. Through a great poise and reserve, the group effected what the playwright obviously intended, showing that, with all the pretensions of various characters, only one had passed youth and achieved the wisdom considered common to the mature. Here was the age-old conflict between one who, chronologically, had reached maturity and one with the temperament and ambitions of youth. Age would impose, with best of intentions, but youth would choose its own. And here wisdom, coming from the philosophy of the eighty-three year old grandmother, tells us that all devastating conflict is the result of nothing but unselfishness on the part of all concerned.

Taking the role of John Thurlow, whose passion for shipbuilding made him an exalted captain of industry, doomed to disappointment in his desire that a son should carry on his work, Moroni Olsen revealed the fine taste and unquestioned skill of the artist. In a situation dramatically intense as was that with his mother, when he learned that the pride of his accomplishment, "The Magnificent," had been destroyed, and with it his son, the role was played with utmost finesse.

The part of the mother of John Thurlow, in some respects the most important in the play, was performed splendidly by Janet Young. Expressing a combination of kind unselfishness and great wisdom in a character whose voice was that of the aged, old Mrs. Thurlow held the admiration of her audience as well as that of her numerous "ships" whose courses she sought to guide with love and understanding.

Gordon Nelson, playing the role of the ex-soldier, Captain Cornelius, who, having experienced his fill of life in a brief space of time while in service, desired

nothing but a "cushy" life of ease, handled well the part of the gentlemanly drunken figure.

The lesser roles in the play were admirably done by a group exceedingly well cast. Leora Thatcher was clever in portraying the amiable wife who desired nothing but to keep peace in the family; Donna Earle was delightful as the daughter of John Thurlow, and the loved one of George Norwood, played by Joseph Williams; Robert Young as juvenile lead, convincingly portayed the rebellious youth who abandoned the machine-driven civilization to the despair of John Thurlow, who had always seen his son a builder of ships; and Franklin Rasmussen furnished bits of humor in his part of the butle., Laner Having witnessed their fine production of "The Ship," one could but regret the fact that the company is soon to disband. A group of such capable actors, whose repertoire contains plays of the highest merit, is a decided asset to any section of the country. Doubtless the Moroni Olsen Players have stimulated interest in the best to be found in the realm of the theatre. The thanks of many Western communities are due them.

**LUBOSHUTZ IN JANUARY**

Mme. Lea Luboshutz remembered in Carmel for her summer concert a year ago, is to appear in a violin recital at the Douglas School on January ninth.

Mme. Luboshutz has appeared as soloist with practically every symphony orchestra in America. Her recital here is rightly looked foward to as one of the outstanding events of the season. The fondness of Mme. Luboshutz for Carmel lies back of the forthcoming opportunity to hear her. No other community of similar size could expect to be so favored.

Tickets are now available at Lial's Music Shop on Dolores.

**CHILD ARTISTS AT THE D.-W. GALLERY**

The three San Francisco schoolboys exhibiting at the Denny-Watrous Gallery have commanded merited attention during the week. Their work—paintings and drawings—is, indeed, of sufficiently high order that it may be judged by adult standards, disregarding the natural interest inherent in youthful work. The surprising thing is not that they paint so young, but that they paint so well.

Harry Lee, fifteen; Otto Brede, fourteen; and Arthur Wilson, eleven, comprise the trio whose exhibit continues until tomorrow (Friday) evening.

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### "THE APPLE CART"

Reviewed for *The Carmelite*

by MYLES MURPHY

George Bernard Shaw's latest dissertation on the rottenness of modern institutions, "The Apple Cart," was wheeled into San Francisco last week. In the strict sense of the word, it is not a play. When one can talk as well as Shaw, why not talk? So with a gesture of boredom he disdainfully tosses aside all the technique and tricks of the theatre and talks delightfully about monarchy and democracy.

As might be expected, his talk is permeated with characteristic Shavianisms. It is generally brilliant and always interesting. At no time is it meaningless. It is startlingly diverting when one has come to the conclusion that Shaw has exhausted his fund of humor.

There is a thread of a plot, but quite enough to keep the audience interested to the end. The period of the play is the year 1960, just thirty years hence, and the scene is the royal palace of Magnus, the reigning British monarch. The king faces an unruly cabinet, composed of men who are the tools of big business interests. They are bent on keeping him the traditional figurehead. In dialogue that is really a series of monologues, the king endeavors to show them the advantages of a beneficent monarchy. They are too intent on gaining their own point and then Magnus plays his trump card. He threatens to abdicate in favor of his son, become a commoner and go into Parliament to fight them. The ministers retire, completely beaten.

\* \* \*

America and Americans come in for a share of Shaw's darts. There are sly thrusts at the American women who clamor to be presented at court, the Yankee millionaires who buy English homes and pose as English gentlemen. A breezy ambassador storms into the presence of the king and almost shakes an arm loose from the queen, as he announces that the Declaration of Independence has been torn up and the war debt, still unpaid, has been cancelled, because the United States of America desires to return to the mother country.

The personnel of the king's cabinet is evidently a slam at the Labor Cabinet. The members of it are shown as uneducated boors, whose attitude toward the king is one of insolence in a mistaken idea of independence. They are creatures of the plutocrats, who through them control the government. There are two women, probably brought up on Shaw's "Intelligent Women's Guide to Socialism," who have much to say.

"G. B. S."



By the staff artist of  
Malvern (England)  
"Gazette."

As for King Magnus, Shaw has made him the cleverest, most human and civilized person among them. He has a lively wit, a satiric logic, a mind of his own, and sees the absurdity of his ridiculous cabinet. Here we have one of the Shaw paradoxes. After forty years of communistic preaching, the Irish dramatist comes to the defense of the monarchy and demonstrates how helpless the government would be without a king at its head.

The Magnus of Alan Mowbray is priceless in its charm, its royal calm and its polished elocution. His eleven-minute speech in the first act is something to be remembered with joy by all lovers of good English. His smiling lips and perfect composure would be maddening to such a man as Proteus, the prime minister, who knows in his heart that the other man is his master in intrigue and intellect, and sees only the confident pride of Magnus in the eternal good-natured smile.

The cast presenting "The Apple Cart" is one of the most enjoyable seen on a San Francisco stage in many moons. It is largely composed of English repertory actors who play their Shaw a dozen times a year and know it and understand it. The group did not seem to have one miscast member. Doris Lloyd does wonders with the short part of Orinthia. Chappell Dossett, Cyril Devant, (whom Carmel knows so well), Evelyn Hall, Nellie Strong, Paul Nicholson, Howard Davies and the others give full value to their respective roles. The success of the piece has encouraged the management to prolong its stay another week and its run at the Geary will terminate on Saturday, December thirteenth.

### CHRISTMAS AT DEL MONTE

Hotel Del Monte is preparing for its annual Christmas-New Year's celebration. Events will include a Christmas tree for the youngsters on Christmas morning, a Santa Claus golf tournament Christmas afternoon, a New Year's golf tournament and the annual New Year's Eve celebration and dinner dance.

## WESTON IN NEW YORK

(Being excerpts from an article in the "New York Times Magazine," by Frances D. McMullen.)

The spectacle of the market stall dumped into the art gallery now gives New York pause. On the market stall green peppers writhe and shine, cabbages sit sullen and stolid, celery shakes out ruffles. And there are people who stop to admire, as long as the artificial dew of refrigerated freshness holds the forms crisp and firm. But their admiration is not unmixed with the calculation, conscious or subconscious, of peppers stuffed and baked, of cabbage shredded and boiled, of celery trimmed and curled.

Who would think of peppers, cabbage and celery for their looks alone? Who would dream of posing them before the camera's eye in quest of new revelations of beauty? Who would essay to draw from them, by photograph, messages of such import that even artists would acclaim the experiment?

Edward Weston has thought of it and has done it, not only with vegetables but with other usually prosaic subjects. It is through him and his camera as a medium that one is treated to the extraordinary sight of lowly things just as they are, untranslated by the magic of crayon or brush, elevated to the sphere of art.

With all the ardor of the modernist, Mr. Weston has joined in the search that animates all modern art, the quest for "significant form"; but he has gone about it in a way utterly different from the painter, the sculptor, the sketcher. They look within, searching the soul for conceptions to transfer to canvas or marble. He looks about him, finding within easy reach abundant exemplifications of the qualities they grope for. He discovers them on the pantry shelf, in the scallops of a summer squash; in the yard, in a bit of soil or a handful of pebbles; by the sea, in a tortuous knot of stubborn kelp or stately spiral of a shell. They are foundation shapes and structures of nature's creating, scattered everywhere, for man to perceive and reveal, if he can. . . .

\* \* \*

Weston is a stern realist. The distinctiveness of his plates is traceable to the fact that he sets out to determine the telling character of his subject, the quality that differentiates it from all else, with all the candor and sincerity he can muster.

The result is a beauty that is strictly photographic, relying for its peculiar quality upon exact rendition of the physical texture of things. The sinuous curves of seaweed, caught just out of the water with bubbles on their surface, are rubbery and unmanageable; shell is

thin and fragile; wood is tough; eroded stone is pitted and hard. The technique is one of detail, hard, sharp, relentlessly intent. . . .

For those photographers who would turn dexterous technician or would look to their craft for release of some personal aspiration, he feels high disdain. They could not handle such an honest, direct, uncompromising medium, he says, without resorting to tricks—diffusion of focus, manipulation of prints, or, worse, in his opinion, the recording of calculated expressions and postures; whereas what photography needs in his estimation is to free itself from impressionism, to get away from incoherent emotionalism to clear thinking, to eschew cleverness for honesty. . . .

\* \* \*

A duplicate of Edward Weston's New York exhibit is now showing at the Vickery, Atkins and Torey gallery in San Francisco, where it will remain until December twentieth.

## STUDIO EXHIBIT

M. DeNeale Morgan, one of Carmel's best known artists, announces an exhibit of her work in her Lincoln street studio from December eighth to January first. The exhibit will include monotypes, etchings and paintings, and will be open daily from ten to five.

## IN THE COURT OF THE SEVEN ARTS

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\* \*

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\* \*

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## On Paper Wings

By FREDERICK O'BRIEN

James Joyce is the Einstein of literature. His word equations are as hard to understand as the famous mathematician's magic numbers. Einstein is clear to a dozen other mathematicians. All others must take him on faith. But literature is not mathematics, and while obscurity in science may measure a genius' advance beyond his fellows, it is susceptible of ending by proof. Relativity is said to have been proved by heavenly experiments. The dozen capable say so. We accept their say so.

How about literature? Joyce, the imitable Irishman, followed a half dozen books, poetry and prose, not too easy to read, yet in near-the-regular writing fashion, by "Ulysses." It appeared first in France in 1922. It was a stink bomb in letters. Being in English it did not make France hold its nose as had "Madame Bovary," and Zola's social diatribes, but in all English-speaking countries it was barred as Florida fruits are barred in California.

"Ulysses" was printed in Dijon, because —attendez— printers in Paris, yes, in Paris, France, not Texas, would not set the type. They said the matter was too indecent. Evidently, the Dijonnies were broader, or knew less English. "Ulysses" is booklegged in America, Great Britain and Ireland, at from five dollars to a hundred dollars a copy. It is the proud possession of many captains and ladies of industry, who read only the soliloquy of Mrs. Bloom, the leading female character, which, though Arnold Bennett said it was the truest revelation of a woman's subconscious, is not difficult to enjoy as shocking pornography.

Now Joyce has published two new books: "Haveth Childers Everywhere" and "Tales Told of Shem and Shaun." They will hardly be censored even in Boston, because they are unintelligible to all save the Einstein dozen of literature. But thousands, or anyway, hundreds, will buy them for Joyce's celebrity, and to keep up with the Joyceans. A typical, though comparatively plain, passage from "Shem and Shaun," termed by critics a pastoral, is:

"O twined me abower in l'Alouette's juckbucking benighth me, I'd tonic my twittynice Dorian blackbudds off my singasongapiccolo to pipe musicall airs on numerous fairyaciodes. I give a king, to me, she does alone up there, yes till the spinney all eclosed asong with them."

Well, there are some words in the pas-

toral intelligible even to me, such as "till," "the," and "spinney," etc. Many others are combines, "portmanteau words," as the Joycean cryptics call them. One of the cryptics—that is my own "portmanteau," explains the "twittynice blackbudds" paragraph as "the twittering of twenty-nine *juenes filles en fleur* and the echo of a familiar nursery rhyme."

It reads at first peep like the twittering of a merry alcoholic or etheric emergent, but pages in eyebrow literature of the last several months have been given to guesses at the meaning of a thousand such astorals. Rebecca West, Arthur Symons, Padraic Colum, Stuart Gilbert, to name only a foursome of notable critics, call Joyce a Titan, a Columbus of a new world of words and meanings. Besides, a group of eyebrows in Paris proclaim that art is to express, not to communicate. They publish a magazine on that premise.

I wouldn't give an opinion on the merit of Joyce's latest, for I recall the puzzlement I had over "Ulysses," the throwing it down as rot, and then the shame when it became near understandable, and later interesting to me by concentration and repetition. For instance, this passage in "Shem and Shaun," which a cryptic says "evokes the cathedral with its bells, music and lights":

"Her paddypalace on the crossknoll with massgo bell, sixton, clashcloshant duominous and muezzatines to commend the fitful: doom adimdim adoom adimdim : and the orgel of the lauds to tellforths' glory : and added thereunto a shallow laver to slab out her hellfire and posied windows for her oriel house: gospelly pewmillieu cristous pewmillieu; zack-butts babazounded ollguns tararulled and she sass her nach, chillybom and forty bonnets, upon the altarstane."

I got all but the forty bonnets in ten minutes. But I had once been an acolyte, had pumped a church organ, and chanted lauds.

Padraic Colum, distinguished poet, and perfectly comprehensible himself, concludes a lengthy eulogy of Joyce's lutest writhings, as follows:

"One has to work hard to get even thirty percent of understanding of this. But even less than thirty per cent gives one humor, poetry, a sense of mythological character, that one cannot get in any other writing of the present day."

And to close, as Joyce says:

"Amtsadam, sir, to you! Eternest cittas, heil. Here we are again. I am bubub brought up under a camel....." Thell yusey.

## Carmel Cameos

By ELLSWORTH STEWART

Browsing through the public library, we came across Pickwick Papers and began re-reading it. In an hour or so it aroused a growing melancholy, a furtive dissatisfaction which was finally detected as being nothing more than a common but consuming thirst. Even to one normally of a mildly dry political belief, the gallons of plain and fancy drink which Mr. Pickwick imbibes throughout the book insidiously saturate the mind. Such Rum Punches! Such spiced Cherry Brandy, hot and fragrant! Such Toddy's and Tom and Jerrys, and Cordials! Such sparkling, amber wine in dusty bottles!

It was too much for mortal to stand. We took the book and retired to the nearest soft drink place. There, in the quiet of the afternoon, Dicken's characters continued their lively adventures. But we were no longer in Carmel. No! By a subtle use of the imagination the room became an oak-beamed English tavern. A fire crackled in the hearth, a rosy-cheeked barmaid tinkled glasses behind the bar. Fat and jovial, Mr. Pickwick sat across the table, while Sam Weller stood at elbow commanding the qualities of nut brown ale, confounding in his innocence all Volsteadians, and creating, for a few golden moments, such liquid elysium as makes endurable the arid years.

\* \* \*

### "TYPICAL CARMEL HOUSE"

In last week's issue of The Carmelite, Joe Schoeninger "solomly" answered his first fan mail, a letter from the distinguished San Francisco architect, Irving Morrow. This column in no way wishes to take sides relative to the Junior's un-hackneyed way of spelling, although it would be difficult to refrain from quoting Mark Twain: "A man who never spells a word but one way lacks imagination."

The fact that Mr. Morrow found time to commend the juvenile stand on Carmel architecture was naturally pleasing to the youthful editor and to others who have given thought to the subject. Many people have seconded the wish that builders would leave the construction of stucco houses to the treeless cities of the south. We fully realize that Los Angeles may in time extend its city limits as far north as Carmel, but until that unfortunate period it would be pleasant to retain an atmosphere harmonious with our own environment. The stucco

house has beauties and advantages, but it does not seem, in Carmel, to grow up from the ground the way a home should. For building along the sea, or in the shelter of the trees, we have beach stone, pine, Carmel stone, all local materials well fitted to local use. Their proper employment would keep Carmel individual and unified.

\* \* \*

### THE VANISHING COAST

It is discouraging to think that someday the privately-owned property that borders the sea along the Point may be built up with imposing residences, shutting out from travelers of the road the view of blue water and jumbled, wave-drenched rock. The first house to take its place there saddens one like the first flight of geese winging south, with a premonition of winter and barren days.

\* \* \*

### CLOTHES MAKE THE MAN?

When Shakespeare had Polonius state that "apparel oft proclaims the man," he had, apparently, very little conception of what would exist some four hundred years later. If, at the present time, he could walk down the streets of Carmel, he would, no doubt, have Polonius air different views. For a goodly portion of our feminine population have taken to overalls with an enthusiastic disregard for past procedure.

When one considers the multitude of buttons a man must negotiate before he can emerge clothed, it seems strange that his domain should be encroached upon. Still, ladies in overalls and shirts lend color to a workaday world.

There is far too much uniformity in modes of dress, as a usual thing, with all of us attired like models turned out at a factory. Perhaps this explains the wild longing of lodge men for strange raiment, turbans and violent colored satin pants. If everyone should have the courage to wear what they liked, choosing from the styles of past periods, it might be confusing but it would be exciting.

But the overall situation has one serious drawback. Coupled with close-cropped hair, it throws the observer into complete bewilderment as to the overall-wearer's sex. Whether one is looking at a handsome boy, or a boyish girl, is a matter for debate. It would be only fair if the girls, so dressed, would mark themselves with some sort of insignia, ear-rings perhaps. That would do away with the possibility of addressing some downy-faced youngster as "Miss," and getting a sock in the nose for a reply.

A DESIGN BY  
JEAN KRONSKI



*A Poem by Helen Hoyt . . .*

Only in our minds, our memories, will you remain alive—  
(O brief, O mortal immortality!) but in our memories,  
Our thought of you, time and our desire shall make you live,  
In a renewed augmented beauty, the seed of you, sown in the grave,  
Blossoming into the full and perfect beauty of our wish;  
The utter loveliness the mind desires;  
Quickened into a myth, raised in an image undying.  
Thus doth corruption inherit incorruption:  
On earth and not in any heaven that follows after earth;  
Not, as Paul said, "in the twinkling of an eye,"  
Not suddenly, when some last trumpet sounds—  
But slowly, gradually, the body puts on incorruption;  
And slowly, gradually will you be changed to intangible spirit;  
Through us remembering and imagining you, building your story,  
Ascending from the terrestrial to the celestial life;  
By memory and by art's mighty will,  
And through your children's children who now,  
As once you gave them life, will give you life;  
In their persistent flesh your soul has its persistence—  
Not an eternal and a fixed enduring, but dimmed and renewed,  
Like dying and leaping flame, as the wind blows,  
Fitfully thrust forth summer by summer, like the flowering of  
a bush.  
Many times and in many ages shall you be born again out of  
your death,  
Till the last blooming fades on the air,  
Till the thorned stock breaks apart, and the root too dies.

## The League of Nations

Continued from page three

criminals confronting him in their trial when he was summoned to the witness chair, knowing that his wife had been told that if he told what he knew neither she, he, nor their children would live a week? Would not you do as he did and absolutely refuse to acknowledge that he had ever seen these men before? Much of our regular litigation has broken down, now that the sumptuary laws have made possible such enormous profits derived from flouting the law.

There is a perfect analogy here between such individual litigation and litigation which might be established on an international scale. Nationalism and prestige will be even more insistent upon having their own ways than are the impatient corporations; and of course the international politicians will use national differences as a means of giving themselves a leg up, just as indifferent to the welfare of peoples as the wardheeler is

of his citizenry and quite as self-seeking. But will any of you ever argue against settling personal disputes because judges are sometimes bought and paid for, and shifty men use real grievances for self-advancement?

There is no doubt that the settlement of international disputes needs a court possessed of wide information and sterling integrity; and the variety of issues which must be passed on and the encyclopedic information needed might have for a long time kept the world from even entertaining the idea of establishing such a tribunal. But as we shall see, the World War gave such an impetus and showed the nations that in theory such a thing was really possible.

\* \* \*

In 1918, when the armistice was concluded it was recognized by the belligerents that a league must be formed and in a hurried conference amid the world wreck the optimistic Wilson was made chairman of a committee to prepare a scheme. This was the high point of Wilson's career and he went joyfully to work believing himself chosen of God

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to put his previously inspired Fourteen Points into execution and to prove that the war just concluded was in reality "a war to end war."

But Minerva (Divine Wisdom) is the only recorded birth of a full-grown thing and the League as it soon was shaped under the guidance of those experts, Clemenceau and Lloyd George, turned out to be far from the idealistic plan which Wilson really had intended. There was apparent praise, and requests nevertheless for slight concessions; soon this grew into bargaining, compromising, amending, the use of 'weasel words,' until when Wilson finally got a glimpse of the child he had helped to bring to light, he found it was not the child of his hopes but a pair of Siamese twins, the one of light and leading the other as iniquitous as hell and as black. And no surgery could separate them without the angel's death.

But well as plans may be laid, and we must do these two experts the justice to acknowledge no one could have made the ligaments of the union tighter, they did not count upon the fact that Time is a factor which Machiavelli himself cannot predicate; and I believe that even a cursory examination will show that the dark twin is dwindling as the other grows, for the years pass and a new generation arises.

Let us then frankly acknowledge that the League's defects are many. It is subservient to France and to Great Britain. It perpetuates political and economic injustices. It is full of timidities. It is frequently disingenuous. It has in many ways fallen far short of what was expected of it. But granting all this, it certainly has potentialities and I shrewdly suspect that the defects of the League are really the results of fears and greeds of the people whom it represents. But we mostly are not informed as we are merely emotional. But the League has potentialities for sloughing off its fears through knowledge. At any rate it the only approach to anything like a means to settle disputes otherwise than by sudden death of most of the peoples of the earth. It is at least worth study.

The first thing that came to me when I decided it was necessary to change my vague opinions about the League (in which opinions a strong contempt was a factor because of its entanglement with the Treaty of Versailles) and to give the matter some real study was that I found almost at once that the *by products* of the League were really very hopeful and perhaps outweighed its regular agenda.

To be concluded next week

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## The Garden

By Anne Nash and Dorothy Q. Bassett  
of The Garden Shop

### FALL COLOR IN THE GARDEN

California can never hope to duplicate the glorious falls of the Eastern states, but by a little planning we can achieve a fair semblance of autumn in our own gardens. Perhaps first would come the various berry shrubs, of which there is such a long and interesting list. We only have space to mention a few of the best known and most popular, but well known as they are, they could still be used more extensively than we now see them. The Cotoneasters and Pyracanthas form the greater part of this group. Of the Cotoneasters, *C. pannosa* and *C. francheti*, are best known, the former growing ten feet high and weighed down in fall and winter by its load of red berries. The latter is less prodigal in its display of fruit, but is very decorative with its arching branches, downy leaves and large, shiny orange berries. Two large growing Cotoneasters, *C. horizontalis* and *C. microphylla*, both of spreading, almost prostrate habit, of which the one has bright red and the other plum colored berries, are best planted with a background of stone, which serves as a nice relief to their intricate pattern. It is well to remember not to place them where pine needles can drift over them, for this makes a brownish effect which is unattractive and difficult to remove. In the Pyracantha group we have *P. angustifolia*, which is loaded with orange, waxy berries with rather small but very brilliant coral-red berries. *P. alrandi* is also valuable, of upright growth, with bronze green foliage and clusters of yellow orange fruit. All the Pyracanthas are well fortified with sharp thorns so should be planted in the background where one is no danger of coming in unexpected contact with them.

No garden, however small, should be without at least one fruit tree. They are a never-ending delight from the spring flowering through the summer fruiting and fall coloring to the austere design of the bare winter branches. If one has a large garden and can give the space to several fruit trees, one will have in fall a range of color from lemon yellow through to apricot, orange, and vermillion. If, however, the garden is small and one can only allow space to a single fruit tree, perhaps a persimmon would give the greatest pleasure, with fall coloring especially in mind. The large, thick leathery leaves turn to the most brilliant red and yellow orange and re-

main on the tree several weeks. Our own persimmon tree has never borne fruit, but even so has justified its existence. Besides fruit trees, nearly all other deciduous trees supply some color in the fall. A few are poplar, birch, viburnum, sycamore, spiraea, willow, etc.

We cannot stop without mention of the Amelopsis. *A. Veitchii* and *A. quinquefolia* both are a riot of color in the fall when their leaves turn glowing red. There is only one other vine to surpass them for color—poison oak, and that of course is taboo in our gardens. Too bad some chemist can't invent a method of extracting the poison from it so that we could enjoy it near at hand instead of at such a respectful distance.

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## Picking Up a Few "Strands"

*Being an Honest Confession of  
Many Failures*

By FRANK SHERIDAN

*Continued from last week*

We rambled around Maine and New Brunswick with Stover all that summer, sometimes getting a few dollars, but often not. We rode on stages, farm wagons, hay-ricks, and sailed on everything from ocean-going schooners to Swamscott dorys in going from town to town. Parades were staged every day, starting from the hotel with everyone playing fast tempo to cover up the "blue" notes all of us would give to the public without extra charge. This fast playing, which was darned bad music from an artistic viewpoint, we called "jazz" forty years ago. And let me go on record—if my going is worth a continental—as saying that the fast playing and "blue" notes you hear from a lot of half-baked orchestras today are due to the inability of the instrumentalists to play correctly, just as it was with the "Imperial Huzzar Band" that paraded for Al G. Stover in that "Superb Aggregation of Solo Instrumentalists"—and I played *ump-pah, ump-pah*, on an alto-horn—played till I'd stumble in the holes and ruts of a bum country road and my moth-eaten shako would fall over my eyes, or off my head. Instead of playing with one valve open and two closed, the whole lot would be open and the mouthpiece in my ear when I'd trip. But in a jiffy I'd be at it again, playing E natural for A flat and marching on. Often Stover would see a couple of farm houses on the outskirts of these towns and we'd go up and play a tune, after which we would talk a bit to the natives about our show, then on we'd go to some other group of farms.

Old Al has been gone many years and the only two left of that care-free bunch are Johnny McNary, who was city clerk of Boston for many years, and myself.

Maine was a favorite playground for actors during the lean summer months which went with our profession in the old days. Actors who got three-figure salaries in the regular season would jump at an opportunity to "take a chance" in summer; so many tribes of distinguished "vagabonds" would tour or play in stock in Maine during June, July and August.

Don't make a mistake and think that the natives loved the theatre so much that they would patronize these New York companies to an extent that paid.

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There were quite a number of the citizens who appreciated good plays and acting, but the majority never got beyond "Jap" Rockwell or Al Martz, who had about as bad a bunch of so-called actors in their companies as could be imagined. Twelve dollars a week "and cakes" was the top salary they paid for leading people in the regular season. The summer companies in Maine got their patronage from seasonal visitors, of whom there were several hundred thousand every year, and I add here that I know of no place that is more delightful in summer than Maine—and few places as dreary in winter.

I was in the state one summer with a company of corking good actors, our leading lady, Stella Reese, being considered good enough to be a star by J. M. Hill, a famous manager of by-gone years.

We staggered around for a couple of months and finally arrived at Camden. Opened to almost nothing, but the second day a real fog blew in and chased a flock of yachts in for anchorage. The next few nights were fairly decent, that is, enough to pay expenses.

Among the yachtsmen were several friends of mine, including John McNally, dramatic critic of the Boston "Herald," who had known me since I was a boy.

Every night I would make a curtain speech before the last act, telling what a great play we were to put on the following night; also a little "soft-soap," as we called it in those days, telling how we appreciated playing in their "beautiful little town," and all that stuff. We closed in Camden on Friday to catch the boat from Portland for New York, and I made a speech on our closing that politely "kidded" the town, bringing in the the cruising yachtsmen as "the kind and appreciative members of the Camden Yacht Club."

A few weeks later a friend sent me a copy of the Boston "Herald" with a three-column article by McNally on summer theatrical companies in Maine, relating their struggles and dilemmas and dealing with our troupe in particular. He told the theatrical history of Miss Reese and a couple of other members, writing flatteringly about them; then he came to me, did my dear old friend. As I have the article in my scrap-book I'll quote from it. He mentioned the thirty or forty yachts that had put in for shelter and described their astonishment and merriment when they found that I had mistaken them for natives. Then he proceeded to shoot this into my tender egotistical hide:

"The leading man, Frank Sheridan, made a curtain speech on the closing

night. I mention his name because he may yet get into a city. He paid his respects to the town with: 'You have, of course, had a number of companies play here who carry their own scenery and maybe a band. We, as you know are superior to them, that superiority you will at once recognize when I tell you that we carry our own grease-paint and, I assure you, dear friends, that when we next come back we will carry our own audience."

I never got a chance to talk with McNally about that rap until many years later, when he was on for the opening of one of the extravaganzas he wrote for Montgomery and Stone. Recalling it, he laughed and said that he had to get back at the chap who had accused him of being a citizen of Camden.

#### "TOO MUCH YOUTH"

Last week Frank Sheridan had a limp—and a grouch. Asked about it, he replied laconically, "Too much youth." Pressed for fuller explanation, he related this tale of woe:

"Nothing but youth has brought me to this pass where I limp worse than Ernie Schweninger did in 'The Copperhead.' A few years ago I took a group of sixth and seventh grade pupils at Sunset School into my heart and showed them the simple little game of football. Brave in their shoulder guards, helmets and vocalization, they sallied forth and kicked the living daylights out of the grammar division of Del Monte Military for three successive years. There has been a lapse of two years in local football activities, but this fall the little darlings felt that bumps and shocks, bleeding noses and black eyes were quite the thing and engaged me with cajoling words to teach them the rudiments of 'ground and lofty tumbling,' as we say in circus life.

"We started off by holding Pacific Grove to a scoreless tie and then pitched into training in earnest. Often I'd be short of men and I would go into the scrub-line to help out.

"Did you ever try to hold a handful of worms? Well, that was what I was doing anytime I went into the line against the 'Carmel Wrigglers.' So it came to pass that I was doing more evading than blocking, thinking of the sixty-one years of life behind me. I was successful in sidestepping; it didn't please them a bit. There was a conference of three of the opposing man-eaters and they came into the line grinning ferociously. The ball was snapped; I started for the other end back of my line—and then it happened. The little angels became destroying demons; they

hit me, three of them, low and hard. "When I got on my feet again, I looked around. No one near me. The teams were lined up for a kick-off. I wobbled down to our line and asked the eighth grade center of our team if it was a fifteen-yard penalty for too much roughness. He looked at me with excellent facial expression denoting contempt and snarled, 'Naw, they made a touchdown. Why didn't you hold them?'

"Oh, it's great to be young, but there's such a thing as too much youth."

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 Morning Prayer and Sermon, eleven.  
 Evening Prayer and Bible Study,  
 seven-thirty.

\* \* \*

### CHRISTIAN SCIENCE CHURCHES

"God the Only Cause and Creator" will be the subject of the Lesson-Sermon in all Churches of Christ, Scientist, next Sunday.

The citations which comprise the Lesson-Sermon will include the following from the Bible: "Thou, even thou, art Lord alone; thou hast made heaven, the heaven of heavens, with all their host, the earth, and all things that are therein, the seas, and all that is therein, and thou preservest them all; and the host of heaven worshippeth thee." (Neh. 9:6). The Lesson-Sermon will also include the following passage from the Chris-

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tian Science textbook, "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures," by Mary Baker Eddy:

"Creator, Spirit; Mind; intelligence; the animating divine Principle of all that is real and good; self-existent Life, Truth, and Love; that which is perfect and eternal; the opposite of matter and evil, made all that was made and could not create an atom or an element the opposite of Himself." (p. 583).

### COMMUNITY CHURCH MUSICALE

The much-looked for musicale presenting "Great Scenes" from Wagner's "Valkyrie" is to take place at the Carmel Community Church on Sunday evening next. Commencing promptly at seven forty-five, the following outstanding episodes will be described by the Rev. T. Harold Grimshaw and illustrated by European recordings, with the Berlin State Opera orchestra participating:

- i. The storm in the forest.
- ii. Siegmund and Sieglinda discover loveliness in each others' eyes.
- iii. The combat in the pass.
- iv. "The Ride of the Valkyries."
- v. Brunhilde condemned.
- vi. Wotan's "Farewell."

"The Valkyrie" is being "pre-viewed" to assist all who intend journeying to San Francisco late in January when the German Grand Opera Company will present three of the "Ring" operas. The Carmel Community Church invites all to enjoy this, another evening in the Ministry of Music. A silver offering is expected.

\* \* \*

### MISSIONARY SOCIETY

The Federated Missionary Society will hold its December meeting on Wednesday afternoon, December tenth, at two o'clock, in All Saints Parish House.

The Rev. Lee Sadler, of Pacific Grove, will be the speaker, taking as his subject, "Christianity's Contribution to Womanhood." The public is invited.

### CHRISTMAS SEALS

Funds raised through the annual Christmas Seal campaign enable the sixty-one to sponsor an intensive program to prevent tuberculosis among school children. Twenty preventoria where children are given care from three months to two years, have been opened in California as a direct result of the activities of the California Tuberculosis Association and its affiliated societies. Thousands of children have been restored to health and physical well-being as the result of care in these institutions.

# THE CARMELITE JUNIOR

NUMBER

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DECEMBER FOURTH, 1930

JOE SCHOENINGER EDITOR  
Box 546, Carmel-by-the-Sea

## FROM OUR READERS PEN

Editor the Carmelite Junior, Sir:

In the Carmelite Junio rof November 20, there appeared an article entitled "Duck Sport." Isn't the killing of beautiful ceratures a queer kind of sport? For many people a walk along our lovely sea-shore is spoiled by finding the carcasses of our feathered friends. Do the despoilers never think of the wonder of the life that they so ruthlessly take away but cannot give, of the mother bird struck down, never to return to her young, of the young bird full of hope and joy arrested in his brave flight to drop dead, or worse still, wounded and suffering?

Surely right thinking people, even boys, can find an outlet for their energies in some true sport that does not trample on the rights and happiness of others, even birds.

The following is an extract from the Kansas City "Star":

"Going out with his dog for a day's sport, a Kansas City hunter crossed a meadow where his dog flushed two quail. He fired, of course, but the dog remained tense, indicating that the quail had not risen. The man walked over and found a quail which obviously had been wounded by some other hunter, and around it was spread a fine quail banquet of seeds and grasshoppers—food gathered by the birds to feed their helpless companion. The compassion of the hunter was equal to his surprise, and it is pleasant to add that one more gentleman has decided that 'Might does not make right.'

Sincerely,  
Joyce Burtt.

## FIELD NOTES

At Sunset School, several things are happening on the playgrounds. There are many drainage pipes being installed and that is because when it rains the water collects and makes the fields full of puddles and ruts. Then the sports are still progressing after school. But they are playing basket-ball instead of soccer. There are five teams and several games have already been played.

## THE GAY GOBBLER

There he stands.  
Spreading his fans  
Ever so far.  
He struts to show his beauty  
Far and wide,  
He is the farmer's pride.  
Cackled the hens,  
He gets extra grain,  
But the old hen said,  
It is sad to say,  
But he must die on  
Thanksgiving Day.

Dexter Whitcomb.

## THE IDEA OF FUN

About every child in the world likes to play and have fun. But before you can play with other boys and girls you have to be a good player, of course. It is more important to be a good sport than to be a skillful player. To be a good sport, you must play fairly, respect the decisions of the umpire or referee, learn to be a good loser as well as a good winner, and to be loyal to your team to the very end.

Joe De Amaral.

WATCH NEXT WEEK FOR  
CORESPONDENCE FROM  
OUR FRIEND, MR. MOROW

## Miscellaneous Mishaps

COLLECTED BY DANNY LOCKWOOD.

Man in drug store: "Do you develop life-size pictures?"

Druggist: "Yes, sir."

Man: "Well, I have a picture here of the Grand Canyon."

The Eighth Grade were talking about the auto tax.

Teacher: "If you have an auto you must pay taxes."

Bill D.: "How do they know if you have an auto?"

Joe S.: "If you have an Austin you can hide it in your closet."

Danny L.: "Does President Hoover have to pay taxes too?"

Teacher: "Why, of course, like everybody else."

Danny: "Oh, well, I guess I won't be president after all."

Anthony D. "Boy, did you see me kick that ball?"

Norman B.: "Say, don't think Niagra Falls cause you've got water on the brain."

## MY BOOK REPORT

ed iiisH ee,rlugecent4 mwa uouuobb Heidi is the name of the book I have read. Johanna Spyri is the author.

The story is about Heidi living with her grandfather. When Heidi was very small her mother and father died. Dete, her aunt, did not want to take care of her any more so took her to her grandfather's.

Heidi grew to be friends with Peter, a boy who watched the goats. She also became a friend with Peter's grandmother, who was blind. She was very good to the grandmother.

One day Dete came and took Heidi away to the city. Heidi was very unhappy. Then after a long time they took her back to the mountains. Clara was a lame girl who lived in the city where Heidi had been. Heidi liked her very much, so Clara spent a summer with her. She grew stronger while in the mountains and learned to walk.

I think Heidi is a very good book because it was very interesting. You would enjoy reading it

Jane Haskell (Fifth Grade).



A welcome beam  
on cold days....

## MAJESTIC Electric Heater

Autumn leaves falling, yellow and brown—signs of approaching winter.

But why bother, the new Majestic electric heater gives a cheerful beam where you want it. Quickly, safely, economically. It is just the heat you need when you don't want to start a fire.

So use Majestic in your breakfast nook. For dressing, bathing or shaving. It is fine for drying hair.

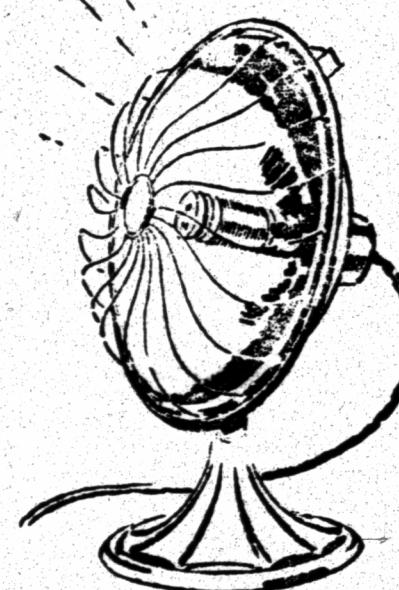
This 18 inch Majestic is made sturdier. Has heavy base which prevents tipping over and also a Mogul base heating element which is twice the ordinary size. It doesn't use any more current but adds years to the life of the heater. Here is an exclusive Majestic feature. The reflector is chromium plate which does not tarnish when you splash soapy water on it. Heater finished in green, flecked with red. Six feet of cord. Plugs into any Convenience Outlet.

With our special low electric heating rates, Majestic chases away chills for an average cost of a few cents an hour.

Telephone and we'll send you one. Ask for Majestic Mogul 75.

*The Local Dealers also sell Portable Electric Heaters.*

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